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SIXPENCE.

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WITH A BULL-DOG COMPANION, ON A VOYAGE TO ENGLAND: AN UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT OF LITTLE PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ OF BELGIUM.

At the age of nine the cares of war naturally do not weigh heavily on the spirits. Evidently they have not succeeded in depressing little Princess Marie José of Belgium, here seen, with a four-footed friend, on the deck of a ship during a journey to this country. The Princess, who was born at Ostend on a fateful date—August 4—in the year 1906, is the only daughter and youngest child of the King and Queen of the

Belgians. Some new and interesting photographs of their Majesties and their children appear in the photogravure section of this Number. As there mentioned, Princess Marie José has two brothers. The elder, Prince Leopold, Duke of Brabant, is now at Eton, in the same house as Prince Henry. The younger is Prince Charles Theodore, Count of Flanders. Prince Leopold has already made a number of friends at the famous College.

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A MEMENTO OF A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

IN the next Number of *The Illustrated London News* will be given a remarkable souvenir of one of the most interesting campaigns of the Great War; namely, the expedition to the Dardanelles. It consists of a set of pictures illustrating the Dardanelles operations, by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, R.I., the well-known painter of naval subjects, beautifully reproduced in colour. Mr. Wilkinson has recently been out to the Dardanelles, and his work is consequently the result of personal and accurate observation on the spot. Our readers may remember that an exhibition of his paintings of the Dardanelles was recently opened at the Fine Art Society's, 148, New Bond Street. The selection of ten pictures of which reproductions in colour will appear in our next issue is the pick of the exhibition. Taken together, they form one of the most vivid and faithful representations in colour of actual scenes of warfare that have yet appeared, and are far more valuable as a record of events than the average "historical" canvas, which is often a work of pure imagination painted long after the event by an artist who has never seen a battle, much less the particular battle which he professes to represent. Mr. Norman Wilkinson's skill as painter of seascape and landscape, especially as regards beauty of colouring, together with his intimate knowledge of naval technicalities, and the fact that he was an eye-witness of the scenes he depicts, combine to render this series of colour-plates unique in the records of war-illustration.

A few particulars as to the subjects of the ten paintings we are reproducing may be of interest. The first shows some British monitors bombarding Turkish positions on the Asiatic shore of the Dardanelles, near the village of Yeni Shei. In the next we see a war-ship's guns elevated for firing on Turkish gun-emplacements near Achi Baba. The third is a scene off shore at Cape Helles, with a number of trawlers conveying stores and other boats tossing in a choppy sea, while Turkish shells fall among them and on the base camp in the background. The fourth picture is a general view of the British centre at Suvla Bay, seen from the sea. In it may be seen the Hill of Lala Baba, the Salt Lake, the Anafarta Ridge, and Chocolate Hill. On the sandy beach are the white tents of a dressing-station. Next comes a picture of the British cruiser *Talbot* shelling ridges occupied by the Turks on the day after the landing at Suvla Bay. The sixth picture shows the bursting of 12-inch shells from the French flag-ship *Suffren* on the western slopes of Achi Baba shortly before the Suvla Bay landing. One of the places ("C" Beach) at which that landing was made appears in the seventh picture, as seen from the water. The next, the eighth, shows the dry bed of the Salt Lake which the troops crossed after landing, with Chocolate Hill and the Sari Bair range in the distance. The last two subjects show the scene of the historic and heroic landing of the Australians and New Zealanders, a place whose new name—"Anzac"—coined to commemorate their joint exploits, will live in history for all time. It is formed from the initial letters of the words "Australian (and) New Zealand Army Corps." Mr. Norman Wilkinson's two paintings of "Anzac," like the rest of his work, show the cliffs as seen from the sea, from two different points of view. In one is seen a hospital-ship, and Turkish shells dropping among some trawlers. We may add that, in addition to Mr. Norman Wilkinson's pictures, our issue of Nov. 27 will contain a panoramic drawing of Achi Baba, the now famous hill in the Gallipoli Peninsula, for the possession of which has so long been contested one of the most stubborn conflicts in the records of war.

THE DARDANELLES OPERATIONS IN COLOURS.

Paintings by an Eye-Witness—Norman Wilkinson, R.I.—who was at the scene of the fighting for two months, while serving in the Navy.

THE SUBJECTS ARE:

- (1) Fourteen-inch shells from monitors bursting near the village of Yeni Shei.
- (2) A war-ship's guns elevated for firing on Turkish gun-emplacements near Achi Baba.
- (3) Turkish shells falling on the base camp at Helles and among the trawlers.
- (4) The Suvla Bay position: a general view showing Lala Baba, the Salt Lake, Chocolate Hill, Anafarta, and "C" Beach.
- (5) H.M.S. "Talbot" shelling ridges occupied by the Turks.
- (6) Twelve-inch shells from the French flag-ship bursting on the western slopes of Achi Baba.
- (7) A Suvla Bay landing-place: "C" Beach, Lala Baba, and the Anafarta Ridge.
- (8) The Salt Lake and Chocolate Hill, and the Sari Bair Range.
- (9) "Anzac": a view from the sea, showing the formidable cliffs the troops scaled.
- (10) "Anzac" from the Sea.

ALL IN FULL COLOURS.

PRICE SIXPENCE, as usual.

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HOW PRINCE VON BÜLOW RECEIVED AN "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

A READER called at our office a day or two ago and told us the following. After the "execution" of Miss Edith Cavell, Prince von Bülow was at the Hôtel International, in Lucerne. Our reader was also staying there, and having received his copy of *The Illustrated London News* containing the portrait of Miss Cavell, cut it out, and sent it to Prince von Bülow, with the note: "To Prince von Bülow. Deutschland über Alles! Congratulations!" It is to be hoped the Prince appreciated the attention!

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

L CHOMÉ LA ROQUE (Kensington).—We are sorry your name was omitted from the last list of solvers of No. 3713, but it is included in the present issue.

H J M.—There is a strong family likeness between the two positions, without doubt; but nobody takes notice nowadays of such coincidences. Ideas are so much in the air that they become common property.

G STILLINGFLEET JOHNSTON (Seaford).—We are very pleased to hear from you again, and your problem is most acceptable.

W L BIGGS (Oxford).—Your prompt answer to our appeal is not only gratifying to us, but must be much appreciated by the recipients at the Front.

N M P (in France).—The game you send shall have careful examination, and we hope to be able to publish it. The circumstances under which it was played appear highly interesting.

HEREWARD.—No. 339 cooked in two, by 1. R takes Kt; the other is rather too obvious. The key move deprives the Black King of his flight square.

F G TUCKER (Bristol).—Marked for insertion.

J KONTUNEN (Raah).—Problems sound, and shall appear in due course.

N SAN KARA ADGAR, M.A. (Tinnevely).—Your problem (White K at K 6th) has no solution. 1. Q takes P, Kt to K 5th; 2. P to Q 4th (ch), K to Kt 5th; no mate next move.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3715 received from L Chomé La Roque and P L Mansur (Quincy, Mass., U.S.A.); of No. 3717 from L Chomé La Roque, J P Colville, J Isaacson (Liverpool), A Perry (Dublin), A Castallain, T Tilsley, Mark Dawson (Horsforth), Sergt. H Terry (Exeter), H P Cole (Lumbridge Wells), Fidelitas, E S Curwen (Hampstead), L G Vivier (Aldershot), and G R Evans (Hoxton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3718 received from E J Winter Wood (Paignton), R Worters (Canterbury), J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford), H Grasset Baldwin (Sunningdale), Camille Genoud (Weston-super-Mare), J Fowler, A H Arthur (Bath), J S Forbes (Brighton), F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), H S Brandreth (Penzance), J J Dennis (Gosport), T T Gurney (Cambridge), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), G Wilkinson (Bristol), F Smart, R C Durrell (Woodford), J F Palmer (Church), Fidelitas, A Perry (Dublin), J Isaacson, L G Vivier (Aldershot), G F Browne (Chatham), and A W Hamilton (Exeter).

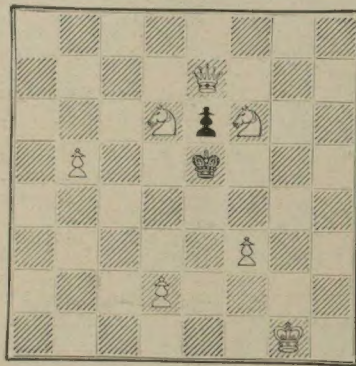
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3716.—By O. H. LABONE.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 5th. R B or P takes Kt
2. R at R 6th to K 6th. Any move
3. R mates.

If Black play 1. K takes R, 2. R to K 6th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3719.—By K. P. DE (Rangoon).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at the Manhattan Chess Club, New York, between Messrs. STAMP and KUPCHER.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd. Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th. P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th. Kt to B 3rd
5. Castles. B to K 2nd
6. R to K sq. P to Kt 4th
7. B to Kt 3rd. P to Q 3rd
8. P to B 3rd. Castles
9. P to K R 3rd. Kt to Q R 4th
10. P to Q 4th.

B to B 2nd, so keeping the Bishops in play for an attack on the adverse King, is much better.

11. P takes Kt. Kt takes B
12. P takes Kt. P to B 4th

Black has now all the advantage of a strong attacking position without having to consider any problems of defence.

13. Q Kt to Q 2nd. P takes P
14. Kt takes P. R to K sq.
15. P to B 3rd. Kt to R 4th

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. K.)
15. Kt to B 5th. B to R 5th
16. R to K 3rd. B to Kt 4th
17. R to K sq. P to Kt 3rd
18. Kt to Q 4th. P to Q 3rd
19. Kt to K 2nd. P to Q 4th
20. P takes P. B to K 6th (ch)
21. K to R sq. B to B 7th

Very clever play. If White moves his Rook, then R takes Kt wins; while other threats are on the board. Black has vigorously pressed his advantage, and leaves little alternative reply.

22. Kt to K 4th. B takes R
23. Q takes B. P to B 4th
24. B to Kt 5th. Q to Kt 3rd
25. P to K Kt 4th. P takes Kt
26. P takes P. R takes P
27. P takes Kt. B takes P
28. K to R 2nd. Q to Q 3rd (ch)
29. K to Kt sq. R takes Kt
Bringing the game to a pretty conclusion.

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name and address of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor cannot assume responsibility for MSS., for Photographs, or for Sketches submitted.

NEW NOVELS.

"The Lords of the Fo'c'sle."

Stories of sailor-men by Mr. Morley Roberts, who wrote "The Promotion of the Admiral," are matters to be received with respect, and "The Lords of the Fo'c'sle" (Eveleigh Nash) is sure of its welcome. Whether Mr. Roberts showed good judgment in putting the story of the forecastle lords at the beginning of his collection is not so certain. The eggregious Captain Bandy, who was simple enough to imagine that all the members of his crew were also members of the Peerage, may be ranged, not in a portrait gallery of seafaring characters, but in the same class as the sea-serpent and the giant gooseberry. He is too grotesque even to be a caricature; and no matter what may have been Mr. Morley's intention, he works out as an incredible freak. For the rest, "The Wreck of the Trident" is a good whaling yarn, with a love-interest in it; and "Spink and the Submarine" would have been first-class fiction a couple of years ago, before British tramp-steamers had been known to ram German submarines, or Kinner, of the *Ortega*, slipped through the hands of his pursuers, or men in mine-sweepers juggled marvellously with the deadly devices of the enemy. It is hard, even for the practised story-teller, to improve on the facts of the present war—and the strangest tales are those that still remain to be told. Meanwhile, however, "The Lords of the Fo'c'sle" serves its purpose.

"Pretty Maids All in a Row."

If we remember rightly, the birth-name of François Villon was not Villon at all. Perhaps Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy varies from the accepted version of Villon's story in "Pretty Maids All in a Row" (Hurst and Blackett) of a set purpose, that no one may suspect him of attempting to conceal the powder of history in the jam of fiction. Historically accurate or not, his book is, fortunately, well able to stand on its own merits. His François, not altogether the shameless rascal of tradition, but something of a knight-errant behind the scapegrace, is so lovable a person that we were delighted to find we were not to follow him on his last grim journey to the gallows. The book begins with Mother Villon and her little boy in the Paris of the English occupation, when wolves prowled in the outskirts of the city and hunger camped at the poor woman's house-door. François had a playmate in little Huguette, who was later to be a light-of-love, but a woman worthy of his nimble protection. Mr. McCarthy has a peculiar talent for throwing new light on the commonplace that few people are wholly good or wholly bad. Here we have François Villon, the truant student, the friend of cut-purses, the little hard-drinking wastrel, capable of high devotion to a fair lady; and Huguette virginal in soul to the end of this instalment of her story. It is a good story, well worth reading.

"Muslin."

An appreciation of the revised version of Mr. George Moore's "Muslin" (Heinemann) has been forestalled by the author's preface, which devotes fifteen pages to his frank acknowledgment of his admiration for his own youthful genius. Mr. Moore, re-reading "A Drama in Muslin" after years, is charmed with it, and with himself. "An engaging young man rose," says the delighted discoverer of his early merit, "out of the pages of his book, one that Walter Fater would admire (did admire), one that life, I added, seems to have affected through his senses violently, who was (may we say, therefore) a little over-anxious to possess himself of a vocabulary which would suffer him to tell all he saw, heard, smelt, and touched." The engaging young man is back in the early 'eighties, with bustles, and the Land League, and some at least of the limitations of his young women; but Mr. Moore remains, still eager to tell all he sees, hears, touches, and smells—and still not at all particular about the savour of the smells. Why should the reviewer persist in a task already accomplished for him by this confident veteran? "Muslin" compares favourably, as its creator sees it, across the gulf of time, with "A Doll's House," and in it is to be found illustrated the young Moore's great ambition, to observe and remember life, and to reproduce it by means of his craft. But it must be said that "Muslin" indicates the leaning, which became afterwards accentuated, of Mr. George Moore towards life sick, life morbid, life tormented—and that, thank Heaven, is not the whole story.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

FICTION.

The Son of His Father. Ridgwell Cullin. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
A Game of Hearts. G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Extra Day. Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Macmillan.)
"Confirmed Bachelor." E. Everett-Green. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Rose of Youth. Elinor Mordaunt. 6s. (Cassell.)
Carmichael: Blue Blood and Red. Geoffrey Corson. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Stories from the Earthly Paradise. William Morris. 6s. (Arnold.)
Is God Dead? Newman Flower. 18s. net. (Cassell.)
Belshazzar's Feast. J. B. Ford. 6s. (Sampson Low.)
The Thirty-Nine Steps. John Buchan. 18s. net. (Blackwood.)
The King's Doubt. E. E. Cowper. 2s. 6d. (S.P.C.K.)
My Lord of Reading. Gertrude Hollis. 2s. 6d. (S.P.C.K.)
Plain Deb. Lucy M. Parker. 2s. (S.P.C.K.)
Scout Stories. M. Edwards. 6d. (S.P.C.K.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Military Operations of Belgium: In Defence of the Country and to Uphold Her Neutrality. Report Compiled by the Commander-in-Chief of the Belgian Army. 18s. net. (Collingridge.)
The Rediscovered Country. Stewart Edward White. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Some Musicians of Former Days. Romain Rolland. 2s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)
The Spirit of the Soil. G. D. Knox. With a Foreword by Professor W. B. Rottonley. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
Adventurous Love and Other Verses. Gilbert Cannan. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
Hill Birds of Scotland. Seton Gordon. 12s. 6d. net. (Arnold.)
The Book of the Thin Red Line. H. Newbolt. 5s. net. (Longmans.)
News from "Somewhere." James Milne. 5s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Fjords and Folk of Norway. Samuel J. Beckett. 3s. net. (Methuen.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN my hobby or self-appointed task of plumbing the Pro-German mind I come upon strange deep-sea fishes. A correspondent has kindly sent me a pamphlet called "Eugenic Peace," by Frank O. Smith; and if there be anything wilder produced in any part of the world I hope some kind correspondent will send me that too; but I am not hopeful. The O in the middle of his name is not a mere exclamation, though it very well might be. I do not know what it stands for, but if the gentleman's name were really Franz Otto Schmidt he would write very much as he does. In any case, he would regard the suggestion as a compliment, for he takes the North Germans entirely at their own valuation (or rather, at the valuation of the more foolish among them) and thinks that their defeat would be "a calamity from the standpoint of that supreme justice which requires that the evolution of the race be under the control of the highest types." It is, perhaps, needless to say that he tests his higher types by that very illiterate thing, the test of illiterates. Men who have really read widely, and certainly men who can write well, do not attach a vast importance to reading and writing. Their reading has taught them, among other things, that some of the greatest men who ever lived probably could not read at all: that it is doubtful if Homer could sign his name, and certain that Shakespeare was shaky in signing his. In two senses, many men of genius have made their mark. And if men have really anything of the power of writing, they will put it lower than the power of speaking. They will not consent to discover the elect—or, as Mr. Smith calls them, the *élite*—by a process which would necessarily exclude all the ancient minstrels and include all the modern forgers. As a fact, of course, there is a whole class of very low criminals who are *never* without these accomplishments: spies, impersonators, begging-letter writers, and leaders of cosmopolitan finance.

It cannot be too often repeated that the danger to the world from what are called the mental triumphs of Germany (which have, in fact, been flattered solely out of fear of the military triumphs of Germany) lies in the spreading throughout the world of precisely this kind of shallow and cocksure modernity. It is quite startled, for instance, if one states so simple a fact as that oral tradition is much more of an active exercise of the mind than reading is. The gain of penmanship may be merely the loss of memory. To know a poem as one knows a tune is much more of an act of mental mastery and unification than to spell it out as one spells a hieroglyphic. An alphabet is a set of symbols, like heraldry. And a time may easily come, as it has come before, when it would seem as absurd to say that a man could not be well-informed without writing his name as it seems now to say that a man cannot be chivalrous without blazoning his shield. But the Prussianised Englishman or American is held in the present as in a prison, and knows nothing about the future because he knows nothing about the past.

For instance, a man has to have a complete ignorance of history in order to write a sentence like this: "The course of evolution throughout history has been toward the consolidation of small nations into larger and larger groups. To block that evolution would be as vain as to try to dam the Gulf Stream." Now if Mr. Smith were told that the whole history of

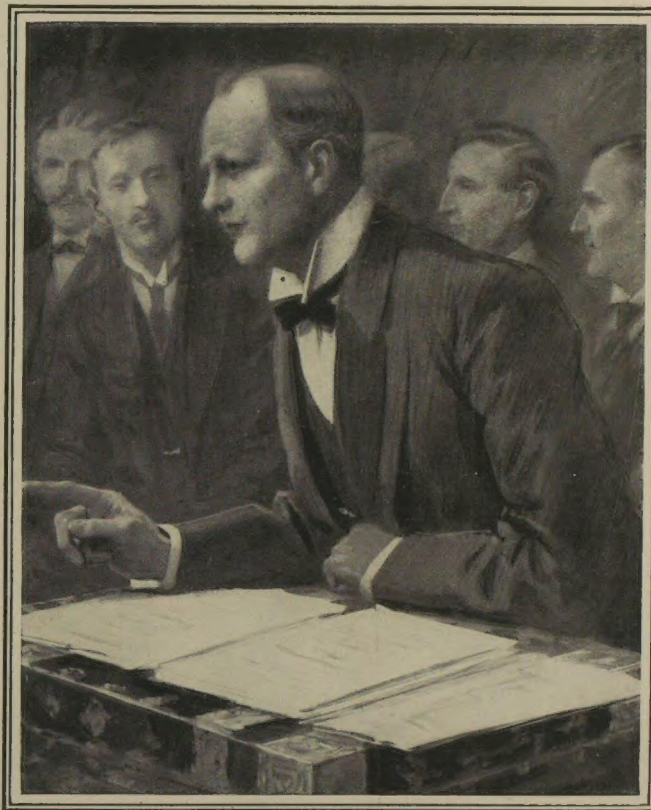
the highest human civilisation from about the year 600 to about the year 1600 consisted entirely of "damming the Gulf Stream," at first partially, and ultimately entirely, the news would probably be fresh to him. Yet the whole European story for that thousand years quite unquestionably did consist in the breaking up of the largest group it has ever known, the Roman Empire, into groups which exist to-day. "The course of evolution throughout history" which has to leave out the last thousand years of the most thoroughly developed human society does not strike me as very continuous. The change from the Roman Empire to the intense national sentiments of to-day is, according to Mr. Smith, something like the Gulf Stream flowing backwards into the Gulf of Mexico.

his stupid generalisations, he will probably take refuge in the other.

If we pursue him to that other position, we find it is more untenable still. He is apparently trying to bring about a combination of Britain, America, Germany, and France; and seems to hold, with a curious simplicity, that this would be assured (and even assured for ever) by America giving up to Britain a disputed strip of Alaska, which can hardly be said to lie in the very centre of human events. Upon this he proceeds solemnly as follows: "Germany's claim to a place in the sun is based essentially on Eugenic principles. Now it is evident that, unless the *élite* becomes united, the science of Eugenics must remain a mere speculation. Little will it profit to find out what types of men have the best claim to survive, if through their cursed disunion they lose the power to enforce their claim." I quite agree that the science of Eugenics is a mere speculation; and a risky, not to say rotten, speculation it is. Mr. Smith is an American; and Eugenics is chiefly a denial of the Declaration of Independence. It urges that so far from all men being born equal, numbers of them ought not to be born at all. And so far from their being entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, they are to be forbidden a form of liberty and happiness so private that the maddest inquisitor never dreamed of meddling with it before. But when we come to practical schemes the unreason is perfectly uproarious. Four nations are to be arbitrarily chosen in order to come together. And they are to come together in order arbitrarily to choose, so that Eugenics may no longer be a mere speculation. I do not know on what divine revelation the selection of the four nations is founded. The only thing that is quite clear is that it cannot be founded on the four nations. The Germans would not admit the French to be "higher types," for it is the essence of their whole moon-struck ethnology that the French are utterly decayed. The French would not admit that the Germans are "higher types," for it is the recurring burden of all their history that the Germans are half-baked barbarians. Practically all Frenchmen, and by this time a great many Englishmen, would unhesitatingly say that Russians have shown themselves to be much "higher types" than Prussians. In short, the whole selection rests simply and solely upon Frank O. Smith. In the light of this, there is, perhaps, a certain truth in the statement that "Germany's claim to a place in the sun is based essentially on Eugenic principles." For the only Eugenic principle on which Mr. Smith proceeds with any clearness is the principle of doing as he chooses and taking what-

ever he happens to like. And no one will deny that Germany does that. I gather that Mr. Frank O. Smith is a Member of Congress for Maryland; but I know by English experience how unrepresentative a mere representative can be. These fads find lodgment in the upper parts of all political structures. It may be that the tyrant's foot is on thy shore, Maryland, my Maryland; and certainly no tyrant so heavy as the Eugenicist ever put his hoof there till now. But I fancy there are still a good many citizens of that celebrated State who know, whatever their views of the European war, that it is not being fought about Alaska.

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RESIGNED: THE RIGHT HON. WINSTON LEONARD SPENCER CHURCHILL, P.C.

Mr. Winston Churchill, whose resignation of his seat in the Cabinet was made by letter to Mr. Asquith, dated November 11, has been almost as prominent a personality in public life as was his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill, and much has been crowded into his forty-one years. Born in 1874, on November 30, he was educated at Harrow and Sandhurst, and at twenty was with the Spanish force in Cuba. He has seen five campaigns, been a prisoner of war, written a number of books, including a characteristically original novel, and has held five different offices in the Liberal and Coalition Governments. He was with Lord Kitchener in Khartoum in 1898, and with Lord Roberts in the advance on Pretoria. He has been President of the Board of Trade, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which office he has just resigned. Mr. Churchill is a Major in the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars (Yeomanry), and is going to join his regiment at the Front. Resigning, he wrote: "I could not accept a position of general responsibility for war policy without any effective share in its guidance and control. . . . Nor do I feel able in times like these to remain in well-paid inactivity."—[DRAWN BY S. BRGG.]

He attempts to use his Lad history as an argument for merging Serbia in the Germanic Empires. But it is odd that he does not see that it has a much larger and more evident application. If the absorption of smaller countries in larger ones is the desirable evolution of the world, there is an even stronger case for the absorption of Austria by Russia than for the absorption of Serbia by Austria. No doubt he will answer that, though Russia is the larger country, it is not "the Higher type." That is, that a Russian is less expert than a Prussian at writing on a scrap of paper—and at tearing it up afterwards. He will, I say, fall back on his higher types. In other words, having been proved wrong in one of

IN THE BALKAN COCKPIT: WITH THE GREEK TROOPS, THE ALLIES, AND THE ENEMY; AND AT CAPTURED USKUB.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., PHOTOPRESS, NEWSPAPER

ILLUSTRATIONS, CONTINPHOT, ETC.



GREECE UNDER ARMS AT SALONIKA: A RED CROSS MULE-TRAIN OF THE MOBILISED ARMY.



THE CONCENTRATION OF GREEK TROOPS



AT SALONIKA: INFANTRY ON THE MARCH.



THE ALLIED CONTINGENT AT SALONIKA: BRITISH ARTILLERY LEAVING THEIR CAMP FOR SERBIA.



ON A SERBIAN "ROAD": AN AUSTRIAN RED CROSS AMBULANCE PARTY MOVING TO THE FRONT.



AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT AND OCCUPATION OF THROUGH THE DESERTED



BELGRADE: AN AUSTRIAN FIELD BATTERY PASSING OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.



WHERE THE ENEMY MADE A CROSSING OVER THE DANUBE AND STORMED A FORTRESS: A PONTON-BRIDGE IN THE VICINITY OF SEMENDRIA.



MUD AND WATER! THE MAIN ROAD TO THE RAILWAY STATION OF USKUB, A SERBIAN STRATEGICAL CENTRE SEIZED BY THE BULGARIANS.



OCCUPIED BY LADY (RALPH) PAGET'S HOSPITAL: ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS OF USKUB.



ALONG THE MAIN ROAD TO THE "CITADEL": TYPICAL HOUSES OF THE INHABITANTS OF USKUB.



IN USKUB MARKET-PLACE BEFORE THE WAR: SERBIAN PEASANTS IN THEIR EVERYDAY GARB.

Whatever may be the ultimate outcome of the Greek situation, it is evidently well established that since the British and French troops began to land at Salonika a constantly increasing force of Greek troops has been concentrating there and in the neighbourhood. Our first illustration shows a section of a Greek Red Cross mule-train on the march, part of the recently mobilised field army.—In the second illustration we see a detachment of Greek infantry at Salonika, typical of the stamp of soldier in King Constantine's army.—The British and French troops first landed at Salonika went into camp on the outskirts of the town until, on the arrival of larger bodies, they were moved up by rail into Serbia, where they have been in action near Strumnitza, on the Bulgarian frontier. According to a Vienna telegram to Zurich, up to November 12 some 120,000 Allied troops had landed at Salonika, 80,000 of whom had gone to the front.—The Austrian Red Cross party are carrying rifles, it should be explained, under the Geneva Convention, which permits the arming of Red Cross attendants, for the

protection of the wounded on the battlefield against marauders.—The suburbs of Belgrade, through which an Austrian field artillery battery is seen passing, suffered severely in the bombardment, and most of the houses were either wrecked or burned out. The enemy, on passing through, found the streets deserted save for a few of the old people: the younger women and boys had all gone away, and were fighting with the soldiers.—Semendria, a Serbian fortress, twenty-five miles from Belgrade, was one place where the enemy crossed the Danube after repeated failures. Getting over at length in force, they stormed the fortress.—The four last photographs were taken at Uskub, in Southern Serbia, an important railway junction seized by the Bulgarians on October 23 in spite of a stubborn Serbian resistance. Lady (Ralph) Paget, whose hospital was stationed there, has remained with the hospital staff. She was strongly urged to quit Uskub, but bravely refused and kept her hospital open. The medical staff and nurses remained at their posts with their chief.

WITH THE FRENCH IN SERBIA: STRUMNITZA STATION, SCENE OF THE ALLIES' FIRST VICTORY AND NEIGHBOURING PLACES.



TYPICAL SERBIAN STATION: ON THE ROAD
TO STRUMNITZA.



AT THE STATION OF THE VILLAGE CALLED STRUMNITZA STATION:
AN IMPORTANT POINT ON THE RAILWAY.



IN A SERBIAN CONCENTRATION CAMP: MACDONIAN
WORKMEN CAMPING.



ALLIES: A SERBIAN AND A ZOUAVE (ON THE RIGHT) ON SENTRY DUTY
AT STRUMNITZA STATION.



THE FRENCH CAMP AT STRUMNITZA STATION: SOLDIERS PREPARING TO LEAVE
FOR VALANDOVO.



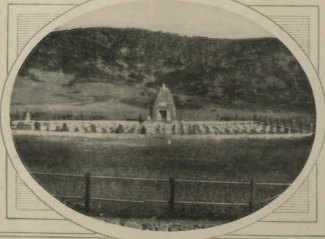
MUCH DISPUTED BY THE BULGARIANS:
STRUMNITZA BRIDGE.



BY THE FAMOUS STRUMNITZA BRIDGE: FRENCH ENGINEERS
PREPARING A BOAT.



WHERE RAIN AND MUD WERE PLENTIFUL: THE FRENCH CAMP
AT STRUMNITZA STATION.



A MEMORIAL OF A TERRIBLE ATROCITY: A CEMETERY OF 300 WOUNDED SERBIANS
MASSACRED BY BULGARIANS.



WHERE FRENCH TROOPS HAVE BEEN OPERATING:
THE RIVER ROAD AT DODEL.



A POINT ON THE FRENCH FRONT NEAR STRUMNITZA STATION:
A FENCE AT DODEL.



A RIVER WHICH HAS BEEN MUCH BLOODIED OF LATE:
THE VARADAR FROM THE RAILWAY.

Strumnitza Station, where several of the above photographs were taken, was the scene of the first important action fought by the Franco-British forces in Serbia. An Italian correspondent, writing on November 4, says: "The Bulgarians, defeated in their two attacks on Strumnitza Station and Valandovo, first by the Serbians alone, then by the Serbians and the French, have abandoned the offensive. They are evidently afraid of losing Strumnitza, which is in Bulgarian territory, thirteen miles from Strumnitza Station. Whilst I was there the first contingents of British troops began to arrive and join the French and Serbians." The French victory over the Bulgarians at Strumnitza Station took place on October 24, distinguished themselves. An interesting account of the French camp and ambulance arrangements in this region is given in a letter from a French medical officer. Writing home from Strumnitza Station on October 26, he says: "There is a bridge over the Varadar here which the Bulgarians have already tried to capture from us. We gave them a terrible

lesson. . . . The order for departure for the Serbian front was given us early in the morning of October 18. We were to take a train at 8 p.m. the same evening. . . . At last we arrived at Strumnitza Station. It was pouring. . . . On the morning of the 20th I had to explore the village in the rain. . . . Nowhere in the world have I seen such depths of filth. The houses are left half deserted. The peasants have given up their places on their torn cotton mattresses to Serbian soldiers. Here and there we find our own soldiers, weary and wet through, resting their tired limbs. Everywhere there are dirty dishes, torn bed coverlets. . . . On October 21 I fell on horseback for the first time to see how my medical services was progressing on the front from Strumnitza Station to Castovo and Dodel. . . . The road is good even for carriages. We went as far as Dodel, where the artillery has taken up a position. . . . On the 22nd. . . . I rode over the whole camp. . . . I stopped to look at a Serbian cemetery. There were 200 newly made graves in a line and all alike. They were the graves of the Serbian wounded when the Bulgarians had massacred one night."

The Wanton Bombing of Historic Monuments: Verona Damaged.

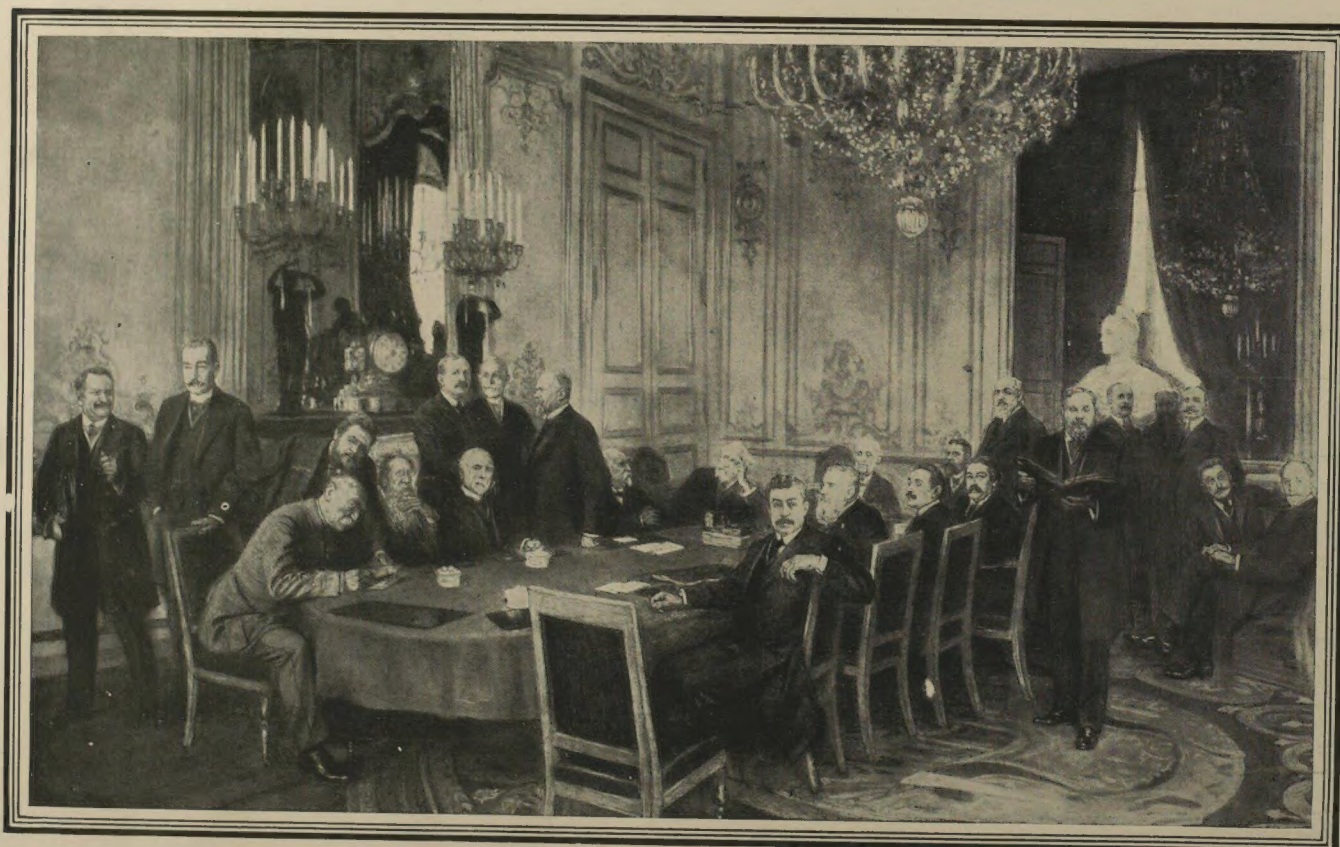


THE CITY OF ROMEO AND JULIET ATTACKED BY AUSTRIAN AIRCRAFT: THE PIAZZA ERBE, ONCE THE FORUM, WHERE CIVILIANS WERE KILLED.

The ancient city of Verona was bombed on November 14 by three Austrian aeroplanes which dropped explosives on the picturesque fruit and vegetable market, which was once the Forum and is one of the most picturesque squares in Italy. The loss of life was lamentable, for the Piazza Erbe is usually crowded with civilians: 30 deaths are reported

and 48 persons were more or less injured. Fortunately, the damage to the landmarks—the beautiful canopied Tribuna, once the judgment seat; the stately column of St. Mark, with its winged lion; the centuries-old fountain with its statue of "Verona"—was but slight.—[Photograph by Rischgitz.]

A Ministry of All the Talents: The New French Cabinet.



INCLUDING SEVEN EX-PREMIERS: THE BRIAND CABINET AT ITS FIRST MEETING.

The statesmen shown in our picture of the first meeting of the Cabinet of M. Briand, the successor to M. Viviani, are (standing, on the left; from left to right): M. Doumergue (Colonies), M. Clémentel (Commerce), M. Viviani (Justice), Admiral Lacaze (Marine); (at the table, reading from left to right, from top left, round the table): General Gallieni (War), (leaning over him) M. Albert Thomas (Munitions), M. Jules Guesde (Minister of State), M. de Freycinet (Minister of State), M. Poincaré (standing), M. Emile Combes

(Minister of State), M. Ribot (Finance), M. Méline (Agriculture), M. Sembat (Public Works), M. A. Briand (Prime Minister and Foreign Affairs), M. Malvy (Interior), M. Denys Cochin (Minister of State), and M. Painlevé (Instruction and Inventions); (standing on right, from left to right): M. Léon Bourgeois (Minister of State), (foreground) M. Métin (Labour), M. Justin Godart (Health), M. Dalimier (Fine Arts), and M. J. Thierry (Intendence); (seated on right) M. Besnard (Aviation), and M. Nail (Mercantile Marine).

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS: AND A NURSE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS, ARMY AND NAVY STORES, WHYTE, BARNETT, SWAIN, RUSSELL, ROBINSON, LANGFIER, AND FALL.



Major Harold Shaw served with distinction in South Africa. Capt. T. H. Curry was the son of Senator Nathaniel Curry, and was in the 42nd Batt., Canadian Infantry. Major Montagu Dobson fought with distinction in South Africa. Capt. William Loring was a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and for ten years had been Warden of Goldsmiths College, University of London. Two of Capt. Loring's brothers have fallen in the war, and a third commands H.M.S. "Albion." Capt. Williams was the son of Canon Guest-Williams, of Durham. 2nd Lieut. Leigh Pemberton was a nephew of Mr. Max Pemberton, Miss M. Chadwick, of Leicester, was one of three members of the nursing services who have lost their lives on active service. Lieut. the Hon. Lionel

Walrond, M.P., was the only son of Lord Waleran, and married Miss Charlotte Coats, sister of the Marchioness of Douro. 2nd Lieut. E. C. Robinson was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Kossuth Robinson, of Bristol, and was killed within a few hours of his brother. 2nd Lieut. J. B. Blanchard was the brother-in-law of the well-known managing director of the Orchestral Company. Lieut. the Hon. Ivo Alan Charteris was the youngest son of the Earl of Wemyss. He was also a brother of Lady Cynthia Asquith, wife of Mr. Herbert Asquith. Lieut. Wilbur Dartnell was well known and very popular in East London, South Africa. 2nd Lieut. E. H. Scott-Smith was the only son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Scott-Smith, of the Chief Court of the Punjab.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.



REPUTED AUTHOR OF FIVE HUNDRED WORKS, UNDER THE ARABIAN ALCHEMIST.



PUNISHING THE REBELS: THE EGYPTIANS' BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY BURN'T BY ORDER OF DIOCLETIAN.



AUTHOR OF AN ENCYCLOPÆDIC TREATISE ON MEDICINE, DRAUGHT THE ARABIAN PHYSICIAN.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE FEET IN TRENCH WARFARE.

ANOTHER winter campaign is before us, and in all human probability it will be waged, so far as the Western front is concerned, in trenches not very far from those which our Army occupied at the same time last year. The prospect is disagreeable enough for the men engaged in it, from its monotony, from the unceasing vigilance required, and from the dirt and discomfort entailed by living underground. It behoves us who are condemned to remain at home to see that these hardships are made as light as possible, and there is no direction in which our efforts can be made more effective than in providing for our soldiers foot-coverings well adapted to the abnormal conditions in which they find themselves.

Now the experience of last year teaches us that the trench-fighter is almost sure to be attacked sooner or later by a disease of the feet resembling that which in colder climates is called "frost-bite." The feet lose sensation, they become first deprived of blood, and then turn black or blue, while in extreme cases an actual necrosis, or death of the tissues, sets in which sometimes involves amputation of one or more toes, or even of the greater part of the foot. That this should be produced by cold alone will appear incredible to those who have gone through a winter in really cold parts, such as Canada, where the breath freezes on the moustache, and the momentary dropping of one's fur cap in the open air will often lead to the freezing of the lobe or rim of the ear. The temperatures which bring this about, often ranging as low as minus 40 deg. F., are never reached in the

trenches, and it is evident, therefore, that these cases of trench "frost-bite" must be induced by some other cause than cold alone. Dr. Moutier, of Paris, has examined into the matter, and in a recent communication to the Académie des Sciences,

to whom we owe a debt that some of us seem in no hurry to pay? We equip them with strong and unyielding boots which, although rather unnecessarily heavy, are good enough value for the money, and are for some time a delight to those who often have never worn waterproof boots before. We then wind round his ankles and calves several yards of woollen cloth suitable enough for the dry and sandy plains of the East, but not by any means so useful in a clay soil where winter rains may be expected five days out of the seven. When these bandages are wetted, they at first shrink in some places and stretch in others; and, when thoroughly soaked through, they produce exactly the same effect on the skin they cover as a wet compress. In the first case they constrict the blood-vessels exactly at those points where it is most necessary that there should be a free circulation of blood, and in the second they relax the skin and the underlying tissues, and so bring on the very state most favourable to their harmful dilatation.

It follows from this that some change in the foot-gear of the soldier when he goes into the trenches is, as the doctors say, indicated. These need not be very extensive or costly; but the puttees, which are said to take the recruit ten mortal minutes to put on, and which for that reason are removed as seldom as possible, should be at once taken away from him. In their place a thick worsted stocking without feet, but tapering from the knee downwards so as to grip the boot above the ankle, should be drawn on. Then a waterproof gaiter of varnished leather or waterproofed cloth—with straps, not buttons—should follow, and Mr. Atkins, with reasonable care, might defy the chances of either wet feet or frost-bite. F. L.



THE SOLDIER'S FOOT-GEAR: A COLLECTION OF RUSSIAN MILITARY BOOTS AT A HOSTEL FOR DISCHARGED SOLDIERS IN PETROGRAD.

It was recently reported that the War Office intended to substitute long boots for puttees for British troops in the trenches, but later it was stated that no change had yet been made. The photograph shows a large store-room full of Russian soldiers' boots, shoes, slippers, and goloshes. The long trench-boot seems to be most in evidence.

made with the sanction of the great biologist M. Dastre, he pronounces it to be due to a cause hitherto unsuspected.

This cause is in effect the grave disturbance to the circulation of the blood produced by warfare under modern conditions. He has examined, he tells us, many hundreds of soldiers back from the front, and he finds in all of them, old and young, from the General to the private, a lowering of the tension in the arteries nearest the surface. This he has ascertained to be due to a dilatation of the same vessels which he declares to be dependent upon and to compensate for a constriction of the blood-vessels situate deeper within the organism. This seems very reasonable, for heart, lungs, brain, and nerves are all exposed to a strain in actual fighting incomparably greater than any they meet with in civil life, and the organism behaves like the commander of a beleaguered city who hurries his troops—in this case the blood—from one point to another of the defences as they are in turn attacked. M. Moutier has also found that if the order and regularity of the circulation be restored, by means which he indicates but which are quite incapable of application on active service, the other symptoms remedy themselves.

What now do we do with the feet of that Thomas Atkins whose name is so frequently on our lips, and



THE SOLDIER'S FOOT-GEAR: A BULGARIAN INFANTRYMAN.

The legs below the knee are bandaged in the method usual among the peasantry of South Eastern Europe. The soldier is shod with hide sandals (*palenka*) as worn by Bulgarian peasants.

Photo. by Alfieri.



THE SOLDIER'S FOOT-GEAR: A SERBIAN INFANTRYMAN.

The Serbian soldier's foot-gear is rather like the Bulgarian's, except for the bandages. The shoe, or sandal, is heel-less, and, though not smart in appearance, is well adapted to the rough hills and muddy valleys of Serbia.

BOMBING BOTHA'S ARMY FROM THE AIR: AN ENEMY PHOTOGRAPH.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE GERMAN AIRMAN MAKING THE ATTACK: BOMBS EXPLODING IN A CAMP OF THE UNION FORCES.

In connection with this photograph, taken by a German airman who fell into General Botha's hands, with his machine and his camera, during the campaign in German South-West Africa, it is interesting to recall the belief that the large military stores captured by the Union forces at different places had been provided in advance for the supply of reservists destined to join the Germans in German South-West Africa, and to make up that army of very considerable dimensions which the Berlin War Office calculated would be necessary. These reservists were to come, it is said, from those settled as colonists in South America. They were to have been

shipped across the Atlantic in transports escorted by Von Spee's powerful squadron. To any such hopes, Admiral Sturdee put an end when he destroyed Von Spee's command at the Falkland Islands. So, it may be presumed that the Germans in what was then German South-West Africa had, thanks to the British Navy, to face General Botha with a force much smaller than they anticipated. "An aeroplane section was one of the organisations prepared in advance by the enemy; and it was very active throughout the campaign. Bombs were dropped from German aeroplanes on a number of occasions. One of these our illustration shows.

"WEeping" - GAS; POISON - GAS; AND OTHER ENEMY DEVICES: TRENCH - WARFARE TROPHIES.



TESTING PROTECTION AGAINST GERMAN "WEeping" - GAS: A "MASKED" FRENCH SOLDIER IN THE FUMES WITHOUT HARM, THIRTY SECONDS AFTER THE EXPLOSION.



A GERMAN METHOD OF CARRYING TINS OF POISONOUS, OR "WEeping," GAS IN A BELT: A FRENCH SOLDIER SHOWING HOW THE TINS MAY BE THROWN.



INCLUDING TINS OF SUFFOCATING GAS; AND A FRENCH SOLDIER WREATHED WITH GERMAN HAND-GRENADES: ENGINES OF TRENCH-WARFARE TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY



WITH INSTRUCTIONS AS TO THE USE OF THE GRENADE-MINE IN FRONT OF IT: AN EXHIBITION OF TROPHIES; INCLUDING A NUMBER OF TRENCH-MORTAR SHELLS.



TESTING A CAN OF THE GERMAN "WEeping" - GAS: THE TEAR-PROVOKING FUMES GIVEN OFF AT THE EXPLOSION—WITH A SMELL OF ETHER.

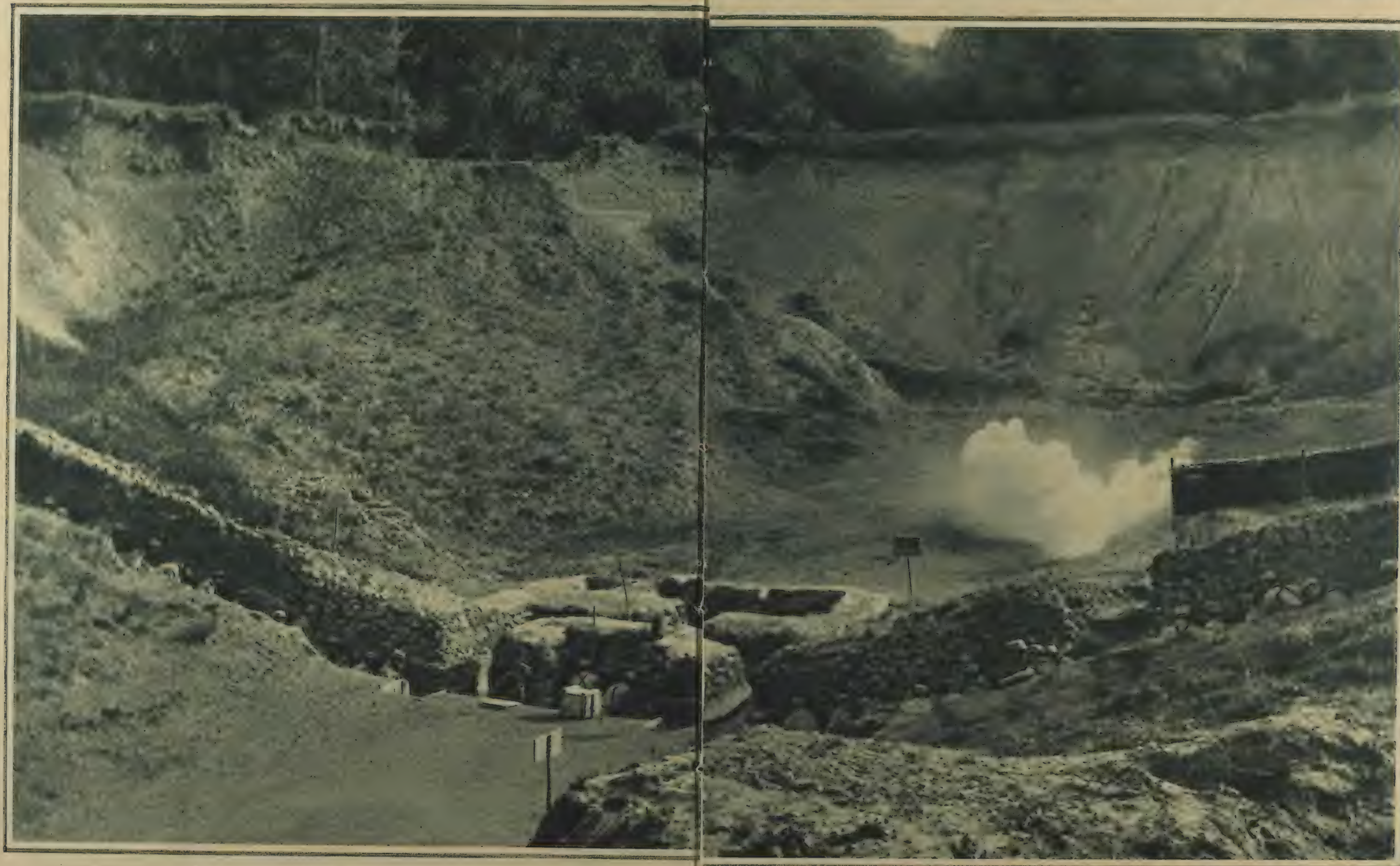


GERMAN ENGINES OF TRENCH-WARFARE TAKEN IN THE CHAMPAGNE FIGHTING: "FINDS" MADE BY THE ADVANCING FRENCH

The photographs reproduced above were taken by a French photographer among the German trench-positions in Champagne captured at the end of September, and during the fighting since October. In the first photograph a French soldier wearing his anti-gas mask is seen half a minute after an explosion of some "tins" used as the containers of German "weeping" - gas, standing amidst the fumes, none the worse for the gas.—In the second photograph is a French linesman posed for the occasion to show how the Germans, in trench-fighting, carry the smaller-sized tins at their belts. The soldier has in hand a tin ready for flinging. They burst on impact with the ground and the gas spreads all round. Such tin cans of gas have been shown in an illustration in a previous issue, drawn by Mr. Frederic Villiers. In that, another method in the employment of the cans by the Germans was exemplified—how the enemy, at night,

after stealthily creeping from their trenches and putting down cans near the British lines, retired and then fired at them next morning, the bullet-holes releasing the gas. In the third photograph, in the background, is a soldier with some German hand-grenades found in the trenches strung at his waistbelt. In the foreground are metal gas-containers for larger quantities; also tins for hand-throwing. In the fourth photograph are shown trench-mortar bombs, and a printed table of instructions in the handling of certain types of grenades. The fifth photograph shows a German tin of "weeping" - gas exploding on the ground on being flung, and giving off dense, tear-provoking fumes. In the sixth photograph are "finds" from the trenches. At the back of the table are hand grenades, a trench-mortar shell, a land-mine. In front are a "grenade-mine," a box of gas-cans, spherical grenades, "grenade-citron," and "grenade-tortue," etc.

A SCHOOL OF BOMB-THROWING NEAR THE FIRING-LINE: FRENCH GRENADIERS UNDER INSTRUCTION AT THE FRONT.



HOW THE MODERN GRENADIER LEARNS THE ART OF GRENADE-THROWING, UNDER WAR
CLOSE TO THE FIRING-LINE

The importance of accurate bomb-throwing in trench-warfare has been proved by the experience of the war, and both the French and British Armies have established training-schools for bombers near the front. Our photograph shows an interesting French example of such a school not far from the firing-line. The pupil who is about to make a practice throw takes up his position in the further rectangular trench surrounded with parapets and communicating by a passage-way with the trench behind. Should the grenade, after being

CONDITIONS: A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TRENCH FOR TRAINING FRENCH BOMBERS.
SHOWING A BOMB BURSTING.

primed, slip out of his hands, he would have time to escape before the explosion, through the passage-way at the back. This passage, it will be seen, runs round on either side of a shelter behind which the instructing officers take their stand, and watch, through a trench-periscope, the results of the bombs thrown. Along the trenches to right and left are numbers of other men awaiting their turn to receive instruction. The smoke of a bursting grenade may be seen in the background to the right of the photograph.

THE MAN WHO HAS ANSWERED THE CALL AND THE

DRAWN BY FRANK



UNHAPPY AND UNSATISFIED; HAPPY AND SATISFIED: A CONTRAST BETWEEN THE TROUBLES OF

There is a well-known recruiting poster which says: "He is happy and satisfied. Are you?" In his drawings our artist has pointed the contrast between the man who, having enlisted, is happy and satisfied, moving with a clear conscience in an atmosphere of general approval; and, on the other hand, the man who has not answered his country's call, and whose mind is assailed with doubts and depression, as he goes about shamefacedly conscious of the fact that those about him consider he ought to be in khaki. There can be no question which is the happier state, and we trust that our artist's work may bring home the truth to many eligibles who still hesitate, and induce them to swell the ranks of Lord Derby's recruits

MAN WHO HAS NOT: AN ARGUMENT FOR ENLISTMENT.

REYNOLDS, R.I



THE DOUBTER AND THE SERENITY OF THE MAN ENLISTED UNDER LORD DERBY'S SCHEME.

while there is yet time. The situation was well put the other day by Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, commanding the London district, who said at a recruiting meeting: "It is a great scheme that Lord Derby has organised, and it is the last effort for the voluntary system. Is that system to be buried? It is bad to swop horses in the middle of the stream, and it would be a fine thing to go on as we started to victory. What is the alternative to victory? Defeat first, invasion afterwards, and then the heel of the Prussian upon the head of Britain, and such a military despotism as the world has never before seen; liberty and freedom gone and the people slaves in their own land."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE MODERN "PIED PIPER."

There has already been a splendid response to the call of patriotism which has been sounded far and wide, by means of Lord Derby's excellently organised recruiting scheme, and the finest young men of the country are flocking to "fall in and follow the drum." Our artist shows here a squad of recruits, men of all classes, happy in the consciousness of doing their duty, preceded by a band of Highland pipers to the recruiting office. The recruiting bands, indeed, might be likened to the Pied Piper of Hamelin,

whose music all the young people flocked to follow. Yet, in spite of the numbers that have already rallied round the flag, many more are still required. It is well to remember the words of the King in his recent eloquent appeal to his people: "I rejoice in my Empire's effort, and I feel pride in the voluntary response from my Subjects all over the world. . . . The end is not in sight. More men and yet more are wanted to keep my Armies in the Field, and through them to secure Victory and enduring Peace."

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAL. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THE HERO-KING AND HIS WIFE: NOTABLE EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS.

EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS": COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND CANADA.



SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE: THE KNIGHTLY KING OF THE BELGIANS AT HOME IN HIS VILLA—A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.



FITTING CONSORT FOR A HERO-KING: QUEEN ELIZABETH, PHOTOGRAPHED RECENTLY NEAR HER VILLA IN BELGIUM.

There have been many stories of the devotion to duty shown by Queen Elizabeth, who, although Bavarian by birth, became, when she married, a Belgian of the truest and most patriotic type. It will be recalled that in the earlier days of the war she brought her children to this country for safety. She herself, however, returned to Belgium, and did not hesitate to go to the front. Of King Albert himself we need say but little here. All the world recognises the splendid spirit he has shown, the simplicity as well

as the valour with which he has taken part in the Great War, the skill with which he is devoting himself to his country and the reconstitution of his gallant Army. Last Monday, November 15, it is interesting to recall, was his Majesty's fête-day, and it was arranged that the occasion should be marked throughout the British Isles by special efforts on behalf of the three million Belgians in Belgium who are suffering terribly under the stress of the war.

AT THEIR VILLA IN DEVASTATED BELGIUM: THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY.

EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"; COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND CANADA.



TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ELEVEN MONTHS: THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS, WITH THEIR CHILDREN, PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ, PRINCE CHARLES, AND PRINCE LEOPOLD—THE KING IN KHAKI; PRINCE LEOPOLD IN HIS UNIFORM.

The wedding of Albert, King of the Belgians, and Elizabeth, Duchess of Bavaria, his consort, took place on October 2, 1900, at Munich. There are three children of the marriage: Prince Leopold, Duke of Brabant, who was born at Brussels on November 3, 1901; Prince Charles, Count of Flanders, born at Brussels on October 10, 1903; and Princess Marie José, born at Ostend on August 4, 1906. The elder son, Prince Leopold, it will be recalled, was permitted to join the Belgian Army in February of this year

soon after the King had said: "If I cannot finish my work in the course of this war, I rely on my son to do it." In the following April, the young Prince was enrolled as a private in the 12th Belgian Regiment of Infantry of the Line. Since then he has become an Eton boy, boarding in the same house as Prince Henry, King George's third son. This photograph was taken recently when the King and Queen and their children were together for the first time in eleven months.

THE SAPPER: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON

AS the Sapper's pick slipped forward and sank through the earth, the Corporal almost screamed. All the life went out of his flesh. He was gaping, inert, in pain. Someone seemed to have hit him over the heart with a great mallet, and breath and life had been beaten from him by that terrible blow. Presently his body, held upright now by a sudden stiffness of muscles, would disintegrate. He would crumple in upon himself. Collapse in a heap.

These things failed to happen; only, subconsciously, the Corporal began to know the Sapper to be a fool. The Sapper gaped at the handle of his pick. He goggled like an ass, and did nothing. Did nothing. And they were all hanging between life and death in a balance swayed by moments. The Corporal wanted to yell again. He wanted to do many things. He knew he should brush the fool aside. Rush at that pick. Pull it out. Hack and hack and hack at the wall of earth that had shown thin, until he broke through. Then—but he could do nothing. The frost of fear had glued him rigid to the earth.

Yet he was cringing. Death was standing up against them. At any moment they might be shrivelled out of life in a gust of explosion and flame. At any moment . . . and they could not move. Behind them they could hear the Sappers passing the tamping bags along the main gallery. They could hear the swish of the sand-bags as they were heaved between the men's legs. One man was singing, softly, rag-time, as he caught and passed the bags backward beneath him. The work was going on swiftly, because there was need for swiftiness. But the men were unconscious. Their unconsciousness of the terrible fact the Corporal had just discovered was startling, almost criminal. They should know by some intuitive instinct that death had found them. That in a single blaze death would engulf them. The serene continuance of their work and their singing filled the Corporal with anger.

The Corporal gaped at the pick-handle that had sunk through the earth. He had gazed at it for eternity. It was, however, but the passage of fifteen seconds between the stroke and his speaking that the Sapper said, with a sort of muted wonder—

"Blimey, if it ain't gone through!" The voice, so stupid a voice and speech, galvanised the Corporal into scornful and virile action. He moved. He did not jump—he did not dash himself into the breach of the other's incapacity. He moved with a deft and austere ability. He pushed the Sapper against the wall. He switched on the electric torch he carried on his belt. His hand went out, and the flickering light of the candle in its military holder was squelched. There might be powder about. There might be powder very near them, through that wall of earth. The Corporal knew exactly what had happened. They had broken into the enemy mine they knew to be whereabouts.

The Corporal swung the pick. He was calm, but his calmness was full of sneers. He had realised that yelling was quite useless. That it was no good making a fuss. His sense of terror had abruptly given place to contemptuous fatalism. He knew that this had to happen to him, and he knew that he had known it all along. His being here was deliberate. He had been picked out from the whole company for this. He was supposed to be driving a false gallery. He, and the four men under him, were supposed to continue picking and digging and trundling the leather-shod truck, so that the enemy's "listeners" should think that the mining operation was still going on, and not finished and almost ready for firing, as was actually the case. That had been the excuse to get him here. But he knew, as he had always known, that it was but an excuse. A sinister and evil-minded providence had engineered a conspiracy against him. He could not define how or why it should be so, but he knew it was so. The entire forces of Nature, including several company officers whose manners he did not like, had taken up sides against him—and here was the result. He was conscious of being caught. He was conscious that he had been conspired against more than any

man had been conspired against. He plied his miner's pick with a cold and ugly anger against this underhand treachery.

The Sapper had dropped behind, and was shovelling clear the earth in the cramped and crushing space. The Corporal worked well, with a miner's thrust. He worked swiftly. But he had lost track of time. He didn't care. What good trying to escape? They'd got him. He wondered if anybody knew how soldiers were treated. He wondered if there were not means of protest. Someone ought to take that matter up in Parliament. As his arms swung in their short stroke he tried to think of the Member of Parliament who could handle the case with most effect. He hadn't thought of one when his pick struck wood, and slipped off, and through—so that he knew the Germans had not lined their mine, but had used cases. He hadn't thought of one when the earth slid and fell before him like a dissolving view. And there was only a hole . . . only a hole with a glint of wood to the left glimmering

Feverish anxiety had come to him now. The touch of this alien ground had given a wild and fluttering panic. He had not been blown up; he felt that by enormous swiftiness in action he might yet beat the Germans by a fraction of a moment. His veins bubbled and took fire, and his breath fought gustily to gain the exit of his mouth. He wanted to be swift, and hurry . . . and hurry. . . . He tried to do many things immediately. He realised by instinct that the mine was laid ready for firing, and he knew that the fuses would be down in the left-hand corner of the mine in the regularised way—as he had seen them there in other German mines. He plunged for them. He did not trouble about the rest of the gallery. It might already be tamped. He did not know, and he did not care. It might still be open, with Germans entering it, with Germans coming along it, with Germans running forward, eager to kill him at sight. He felt this might be the case. He felt always that there was a man rushing at him, that a bayonet was

poised to drive into his back. Even as he dived forward he was waiting for the cutting point that would plough down through him, through his loins, grating on bone, cutting deep, rending him with an intolerable agony. As he fell to his knees he strove to wring his body sideways, so that it would present the smallest and most elusive target for this conquering and frightful bayonet.

But all the time his hands were out, his hands were working at their task.

He was remembering all the instructions with excruciating vividness. They were entangling his hands, making his task more than justly difficult. "Don't jerk the fuses," his mind told him; "that is dangerous." "Don't strike with a steel tool, sparks might fire the instantaneous fuse; that is dangerous." His mind was an agony of "don'ts." And the "don'ts," as usual, were all against a swift procedure. The Germans had been thorough, damn them! They had fixed battens over the fuses. The Corporal tore at the battens, wounded his fingers, and tore again. He could feel sweat on his sides, and the coarse khaki of his trousers dragged wet on his thighs. But he tore at the battens, and chattered with cold.

Feet behind him, hurrying with a thick, anxious stealth. He swore and swore. Sweat got into his eyes. He worked through a mist. He heard the deep voices of men hurrying towards him. "Don't jerk," said his inner self. "For God's sake, don't jerk!"—"Damn you!" he snarled, and he jerked. The batten splintered somewhere away in the darkness. It came away. The Corporal cowered for the explosion. In a throb of awful silence, it did not come.

The fuses were under his hand. The three sets of them as he had expected—electric, instantaneous, and safety. In a mist the Corporal was seeing them. Grim, dark lines under the light of his torch; quiet, moveless, malignant. He stared at them. He expected them to take huge and terrible life in his hands. He expected them to writhe and spring in their sudden and awful favour of killing. He himself almost dare not move in case he woke these passive and evil snakes to life. He knew he could not move even if death struck along the fuses and blotted him.

Then he heard a voice, and a step, on top of him, right on top of him . . . They had come . . . the bayonet was poised . . . it would drive down now . . . now. . . . Even as he wriggled his nippers were out. The wires were cut . . . the fuses were broken . . . the thing was done . . . now the bayonet could kill him. Now the rending pain was coming . . . he could feel the touch. . . .

"Well, that was dam plucky," said his Company Officer, as he touched him on the shoulder. "That's the coolest and bravest bit of work I've seen in my life. . . ."

The Corporal stood up. He felt a lump in his throat. He wanted to explain to the officer that he was far from cool, and he wanted to explain to the officer how and why he was not cool.

He simply grinned like a monkey. And he simply said, "All right, Sir. That's all right, Sir." [THE END.]



TAKEN FROM THE GERMANS AND NOW USED BY OUR MEN:
AN ENEMY FIELD-COOKER.

A British trophy taken at the Marne last year, this German field-cooker, drawn by two horses, was used by its owners for making coffee on the march. Several others were also taken at the same time. The British regiment that captured the cooker above have used it ever since as a dinner-waggon. As our officer-artist-correspondent notes: "Our troops have had many a good dinner from it. It has been hit by shrapnel several times. The company cook is seen seated on it."

a little whitely, as the beam of his torch struck on one of the stanchions supporting the sides and roof of the gallery . . . only the deep black hole, the glimmer of wood, the sense of crouching emptiness, of sinister and stagnant quiet—only the hole; but the Corporal was intimidated and appalled by it. It was not merely the enemy's mine, but a new empire full of unknown and unimaginable dangers. His spirit wilted before that deep and tenebrous cavity. How could anyone expect him to plunge into that malignant womb of gloom?

He heard shufflings behind him, and the secret rumbling of the truck coming up. He felt, at once, that here was an opportunity of delay. It was but a moment, but moments were sweet. He turned to the men behind him. He called out softly and intensely, "Pass the word to clear the mine." Then, as though to trick himself before fear could overmaster him, he scrambled through the gap into the German gallery.

WITH THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS: FIGHTING IN THE CAUCASUS.

SKETCHES BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN THE CAUCASUS.



FIGHTING IN WILD WEATHER: RUSSIAN MOUNTAIN GUNS IN ACTION BEHIND STONE BREASTWORKS.



THE BUSINESS-LIKE METHODS OF THE GRAND DUKE'S ARMY: BRINGING UP A SEARCHLIGHT-PROJECTOR AND ITS ELECTRIC GENERATOR.

"The fight," says Mr. Seppings-Wright, our artist with the Grand Duke Nicholas's army in the Caucasus, referring to the first illustration, "was started at dawn, in very unsettled weather. Later in the day the infantry stormed and carried the hills, which were covered almost entirely by wire entanglements and stone breastworks. In the rays of the morning sun, it had the appearance of an October day on an English common, when the furze is covered with gossamer webs. The Russian batteries (mountain-guns) attacked and captured the hill held by the Turks. The Russian guns were partially

protected by a bullet-proof wall of stone, not unlike the 'schans' which the natives of Basutoland build, but more regular. These walls are excellent for stopping bullets, and, as the enemy had no artillery, they saved the gunners." In the lower illustration a Russian searchlight-projector, with its six-horsed team, is seen being brought up to the front line. The searchlight has its tarpaulin cover on. Following it is a second team, with the electric generator. In no previous war, probably, have searchlights been so largely used.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WAR NOTES: "LIZZIE SKINNER," OF AFRICA; AND OTHER MATTERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, AND TOPICAL.



WITH NEW OWNERS: GERMAN CAMELS WITH THEIR BRITISH RIDERS.



NOVEMBER 5 AT THE FRONT: THE KAISER AS GUY FAWKES.



AFTER FIGHTING "ON HER OWN": "LIZZIE SKINNER," A SOUTH AFRICAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN.



THE STRETCHER-HAMMOCK—AN INVENTION ADOPTED IN THE BELGIAN ARMY: THE HAMMOCK OPEN.



THE STRETCHER-HAMMOCK—AN INVENTION ADOPTED IN THE BELGIAN ARMY WITH FLY-NET DRAWN.



ON VIEW ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: A GERMAN MINE (IN SECTION.)



ON VIEW ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: A CAPTURED GERMAN AEROPLANE.



ON VIEW ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: A GERMAN MINE (EXTERIOR.)

The camels on which British officers are seen mounted are captures made during the recent South African campaign. Camels were used by the enemy for their patrols in the desert region of German South-West Africa and along the frontier.—The anti-aircraft gun is another South African campaign reminder. Its camp name is "Lizzie Skinner," and in one action it is said to have had all the firing to itself.—Two photographs show a combined stretcher and hammock being supplied to the Belgian Army which unites the maximum of comfort with the minimum of weight, being portable by a man under his arm. One photograph shows the stretcher-hammock open

with a man sleeping; the other shows it with a fly-net over. In each the man has his rifle at hand, in a sling-casing.—The sixth photograph and the last one show German mines of recent type now on view on the Horse Guards Parade. The former has been cut open to show the wires leading from the exterior contact-striker to the chamber at the bottom holding the explosive.—The seventh photograph shows another newly arrived trophy on view on the Horse Guards Parade—a German monoplane, a two-seater tractor, with the Iron Cross badge visible on its vertical rudder. Evidently the Horse Guards Parade is to be a kind of open-air United Services Museum.

*Born 1820—
still going strong.*



JOHNNIE WALKER: "Ah, the famous Bersaglieri—why, your reputation is known all over the world."

ITALIAN OFFICER: "Ze same to you, signor!"

LITERATURE.

"British Birds." The second volume of Thorburn's "British Birds" (Longmans) is now to hand. It treats of six orders—passeres, picarie, striges, accipitres, steganopodes, and herodiones; the colour-plates that deal with these orders are eighty in number, and embrace over four hundred species. The technical difficulties of grouping birds of the same family and of widely different colouring have only to be recognised to be appreciated, and once again we are left impressed by the skill with which these difficulties have been overcome, and the cleverness with which Mr. Thorburn has contrived to give a group of birds the most accurate drawing—this accuracy is almost diagrammatic—lifelike colouring, harmonious grouping, and a certain touch of purely pictorial quality, due in part to the fact that Mr. Thorburn can paint flowers almost as skilfully as he can paint birds and beasts. If there is room for criticism of a work that within the limits of its objective has been done so well, the complaint must be made that many of the species painted and described may not rightly be regarded as British birds. The black lark, Egyptian night-jar, bee-eater, American yellow-billed cuckoo, Tengmalm's owl, the Griffon and Egyptian vultures, great white heron, little egret—to name some of the birds to be found in this volume—are not and have never been British birds in the memory of naturalists. The black lark (*alauda yeltoniensis*) belongs to southern Russia and the countries east of it; one specimen of the Egyptian night-jar has been seen in England, and was, of course, promptly shot by an intelligent gamekeeper *pour encourager les autres*;

the American yellow-billed cuckoo has been seen a dozen times in England; Tengmalm's owl a little more often; the Griffon vulture once, more than seventy years ago; and the Egyptian vulture three times, in 1825 and 1868. Of the Great White Heron there are seven records, and of the little egret only one that cannot be disputed. It is hardly worth while to include species

as rare as these in volumes entitled "British Birds," for we know what winter's gales can do to blow strange migrants out of their course and land them on these shores, to be welcomed by the first fool with a shot-gun. The writer of this note remembers a flamingo being shot on the Essex marshes long winters ago—the stuffed skin was sold only a few years since; but one would not argue from this that the flamingo is a British bird. One would as soon describe *homo sapiens* as a denizen of the North Polar regions because from time to time, and with infinite labour, he gets there. It is true that the hard-and-fast line is hard to draw, but in this case no sufficient attempt has been made to draw it, and we find the charming pictures of birds that no living eye has ever seen in England outside zoological gardens or private collections. The splendours of our national bird-life are not inconsiderable, even though we lack what less temperate climes hold, and there is no occasion to suggest that we are richer than we are. The letterpress of "British Birds" is brief, accurate, and concise; if it seldom illumines, it never misleads. Two volumes now remain to complete the series; if they are equal to their predecessors, the possessors of the completed work will be fortunate among bird-lovers and book-collectors.

The Charm of The Surrey hills are haunted by the wraiths of many famous and well-known people, and their associations are as rich in interest as are their leafy woods and wind-swept downs rich in beauty. Mr. F. E. Green has captured the charm of the district, and Mr. Elliott Seabrooke has illustrated it delicately, in the volume, "The Surrey Hills" (Chatto and Windus), which will come as a delightful souvenir to those who know and love Hindhead



VICTIM OF A DASTARDLY SUBMARINE OUTRAGE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: THE ITALIAN LINER "ANCONA."

The "Ancona," while outward bound from Naples to New York, was sunk by a submarine flying the Austrian flag, off Cape Carbonara in Sardinia. The "Ancona" was first shelled and then torpedoed. According to the latest figures, she carried a crew and passengers numbering in all 507. Of the total, 299 were saved and 208 are missing. The Captain, who was saved, states that the submarine gave no warning and that shells struck the boats, killing or wounding many passengers. Of ten American subjects on board, one was saved.

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BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE

Continued.] and Box Hill and other of the lovely resorts, and, to those who do not know them, as a revelation. The literary range of the book is wider than the topographical, for all sorts of people—from "merry medieval religionists riding under the summit of these hills to Canterbury," to such men of the moment as Mr. Lloyd George, Hilaire Belloc, Hart Kennedy, Conan Doyle, Joseph Conrad, Egerton Castle, and the simple-lifers of Limsfield—lit through the pages, the past and the present being bridged by such great names as Tennyson and George Meredith, of both of whom the author has stories to tell. "Idealists of all kinds seem to have been attracted to this bracing gorse and heather-scented common to dream their dreams." Some of the glimpses of the past are quaintly humorous, as that of the sixteenth-century merchant who bought the manor of

a colt and swing his arm, and then you knew he had got a fair grip of a bit of poetry that had been buzzing in his head." Leith Hill Place gives occasion for interesting glimpses of the famous Wedgwood family; Hindhead and Shottersmill afford memories of George Eliot; and Haslemere is associated with Mrs. Humphry Ward. Practically every page in the volume has its hero, its heroine, or its charm of word-picture or reminiscence.

Two Books on South America.

Mr. W. H. Koebel is a writer whose books dealing with the South American Republics have been reviewed favourably in these columns from time to time. He has proved himself as much a master of his subject as any author may hope to be when he sets out to cover so wide a field; and

he may claim to have added considerably to the knowledge of those who wish to take a hand in the great work that is speeding day by day between La Guayra and Tierra del Fuego, Callao, and Bahia. Now, in "The South Americans" (Methuen) Mr. Koebel

Republics have been called upon to face and the very considerable measure of success that has attended their efforts. He points out that the industrial wave has already travelled far, and that it is now gathering force to reach the regions that have hitherto defied industrialism. There is a suspicion as one reads his well-considered pages that South America has suffered not from too little progress, but rather from too much; that the governing classes, in their endeavours to model their States upon the European plan, have sometimes overlooked the enervating effects of climate and the instability of people of mixed descent. Whether or not this be true, the achievement is already considerable, and the attractions to Europe impoverished by war of South America's vast natural wealth will in all probability be far greater in the near future than in the immediate past. Another book—one that may prove a useful pendant to Mr. Koebel's—is "A Guide to South America," by W. A. Hirst (Methuen). This work, which was to have been published before the war, is just what its title indicates, and will be of great assistance, if not to the settler, to those who wish to see what manner of continent it is that offers them a home, a business holiday, or an investment. All the commercial centres are discussed in turn, the historical summaries are brief and to the point, the cost of travel is set down clearly, and there is no attempt to exaggerate or to minimise the advantages and disadvantages of South American travel. The Panama Canal,



THE CAMPAIGN IN WHICH THE FIGHT AT KUT-EL-AMARA OCCURRED:
INDIAN TROOPS ENTRENCHING IN MESOPOTAMIA.

The recently published account, with fresh details, of the Anglo-Indian victory of September 27, at Kut-el-Amara on the Tigris, some hundred miles from Bagdad, renewed public interest in the Mesopotamian campaign. As Mr. Asquith said, "it has been an unchequered series of successes."

Oxford and possessed a wife who was "a pattern of piety, map of misery, the mirror of patience." We are told something of the grotesque, diminutive "Town Hall" of Gattin, so small that it "might now easily be slung up" in the magnificent hall of Sir Jeremiah Colman's great house, Gattin Park, where "it would look like a bird-cage." The chapter "On Box Hill with Meredith," who lived there in a chalet, where, he wrote, "the dark line of my hill runs up to the stars" and "the valley below is a soundless gulf," is of extreme interest. The shades of Nelson and Emma Lady Hamilton, and of Keats, hover over Burford Bridge Hotel—once the old "Fox and Hounds," where Nelson "parted from his Emma on his way to Portsmouth"—and Trafalgar; and Wotton House, with its centuries of associations, affords a delightful chapter. Stories of Lord Tennyson are plentiful, and amusing is the description of the poet in his garden. "Sometimes I've seen him stop when out in the garden, kick out his legs like

sets out to demonstrate those social and anthropological differences that distinguish the inhabitants of the various Republics, and it is a task that few could hope to essay successfully. The historian of South America must needs be a proficient apologist; few of us who know the conditions of life there, and the full effect of grafting Spanish and Portuguese blood upon the parent stocks, fail to understand the necessity. Hitherto Mr. Koebel has often been the apologist without satisfactory explanation; here he takes a bolder stand, and in his large and comprehensive survey he enables the general reader to understand something of the difficulties that the



WITH MOSQUITO-NETS OVER THE DOOR, AS PROTECTION AGAINST THE PLAGUE OF FLIES:
AN OFFICER'S QUARTERS IN A CAMP IN MESOPOTAMIA.

which will do so much to affect the future commercial possibilities of both Americas, is the subject of brief but satisfactory notice, and at the end of every chapter in the book there is a list of the works that deal at greater length with the country described. Mr. Hirst's book is founded on personal knowledge, and, with the exception of a small Guide published by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, nothing of the kind has been offered to the English reader.

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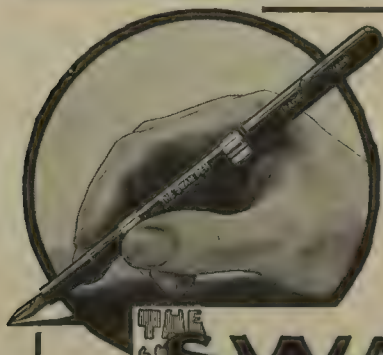
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PUBLISHING AS USUAL: THE BOOK BEAUTIFUL
IN WAR-TIME.

THE war has affected the publishing trade considerably, and yet, to judge by the output of one firm at least it would seem as if, in the matter of illustrated books for the Christmas season, things were going on very much as usual. We have received from Messrs. George G. Harrap and Co. quite a large batch of books of this character, which compare in every respect—illustration, printing, and binding—with the production of peaceful times.



PRESIDENT POINCARE AND GENERAL JOFFRE AT A MUNITIONS FACTORY IN LORRAINE: THE PRESIDENT LISTENING TO AN ADDRESS READ BY A YOUNG GIRL PRESENTING HIM WITH A BOUQUET.

Photograph by S. d'A.

The most beautiful among them is the edition of Dante's "Vita Nuova," in the English translation by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, "pictured" by Evelyn Paul, with music by Alfred Mercer (Harrap). The colour illustrations, which are in the style of illuminated manuscripts, are very charming; so also are the numerous line drawings and border decorations. The printing of the book is particularly fine, the poetical parts of the text being given, appropriately, in antique type. Now that the literature of

Italy has acquired, through alliance in war, an even closer interest for English readers, this exquisite book should—and doubtless will—have great success.

From great literature we turn to great art—Italian and otherwise. "Twelve Great Paintings," with the subtitle "Personal Interpretations" by Henry Turner Bailey (Harrap), is a volume of interesting essays on a round dozen of the world's great pictures. They are Velasquez' "Pope Innocent X.," Corot's "Spring," Turner's "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus," Michelangelo's "Creation of Man," Palma Vecchio's "Santa Barbara," Whistler's "The Mother," Botticelli's "Judith with the Head of Holofernes," Burne Jones's "The Golden Stairs," Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" and "Transfiguration," and Titian's "Assumption" and "Pieta." Each of the twelve pictures is well reproduced in photogravure.

From literature and art we turn to history—English history, embodied in stone. "The Story of the Tower of London" is told by René Francis, in a large and handsome volume, with twenty collotypes and an etched frontispiece by Louis Weirter, R.B.A. (Harrap). The Tower, sharing as it does now with the rest of London the peril of German air-bombs, excites a quickened interest as a work of ancient beauty to be guarded at any cost from the destroying barbarian. This is a book in which the illustrations, fine as they are, serve as accessories to the text, and not the text as an accessory to the illustrations. The author regards the Tower as a historic "chronicle," and his aim has been to show something of its reality and vividness. In this, with the help of his illustrator,

he has notably succeeded. As with Italy, so with Russia, alliance has strengthened the bonds of interest, and many readers will be attracted by "Russian Fairy Tales," from the Skazki of Polevoi, by R. Nisbet Bain, illustrated by Noel L. Nisbet (Harrap). The colour-plates are bold and effective, as also are the black-and-white drawings, but the detail in some of the latter lacks clearness and presents a slightly blurred impression. The stories are taken from the first Russian edition

of M. Polevoi's selection from Afanasiev's vast collection of Skazki, or folk-tales. The present editor says in his preface: "Scholars who are equally familiar with the Russian Skazki and the German Märchen unhesitatingly give the palm, both for fun and fancy, to the former."

An opportunity of comparing German with Russian stories is afforded by "Hero Tales and Legends of the Rhine," by Lewis Spence, with sixteen collotypes after drawings by Lt. Louis Weirter, R.B.A., and sixteen illustrations in colour (Harrap). Some of these colour-plates are less imaginative than those in the Russian book, and, though their colouring is good, the scenes and figures rather



A PRESIDENTIAL SALUTE FOR TWO YOUNG GIRLS, ONE FROM ALSACE, THE OTHER FROM LORRAINE: M. POINCARE AND GENERAL JOFFRE IN LORRAINE.

Photograph by S. d'A.

suggest a theatrical representation, such as a Wagner opera. At first thought, this would hardly seem the happiest time to "enthuse" about the glories of Rhineland and its legends. Yet, with their bloodthirsty characters and episodes, they help us to understand the growth of the German spirit, and Germany will have to be understood before she is re-educated. In his introduction the author hardly seems conscious (except for an allusion to "holiday times of peace") that a war is going on; but

(Continued overleaf)

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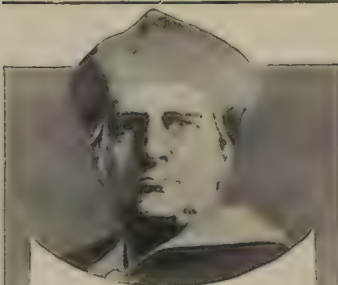
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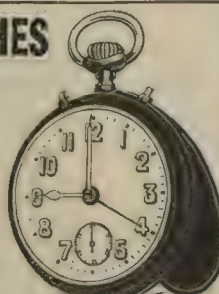
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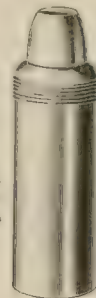
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later, in connection with a legend of Liège, he speaks of its church and library being "ruins fired by the barbarian torch whose glow, we were told, was to enlighten an ignorant and uncultured Europe! But one gem remains: the wonderful Hôtel de Ville." Is he not here confusing Liège with Louvain?

Another source of German character is to be found in "Grimm's Fairy Tales," pictured by Monro S. Orr (Harrap). Grimm, of course, is a nursery classic whose popularity even a German origin and the war will hardly diminish. The tales sometimes show that element of bloodthirstiness, though the present selection seems to have avoided it. The illustrations, which are numerous, both in colour and black-and-white, are very well suited to childish tastes.

Hans Andersen's stories are of a different kind, for while the learned brothers Grimm were philologists and collectors of folk-lore, the genial Dane wrote, in the homely phrase, "out of his own head."

A new edition of "Fairy Tales from Hans Christian Andersen" (Harrap) is illustrated, in colour and line, by Dugald Stewart Walker. The illustrations are numerous, but with some exceptions they rather lack the vividness that appeals to children, the colour-plates being pale and dull of hue, and some of the black-and-white work lacking in sharp contrasts.

The colour illustrations to "The Sleepy-Song Book" (Harrap), with music by H. A. J. Campbell, words by Eugene Field, May Byron, and Florence Campbell, and pictures by Anne Anderson, are very charming, and show that light and delicate colouring need not be deficient in brightness. The children's faces and figures are particularly good. This is a book that should find its way into many a nursery.

Equally commendable for the nursery bookshelf, though for different reasons, is "The Jolly Book of Box-craft" (Harrap), by Patten Beard, with two illustrations by Margaret E. Tarrant, sixty-six photographic illustrations from models made and arranged by the author, and twenty-three diagrams. This excellent book gives form and substance to a whole art of home-made toy construction. Children are always better amused by making something than merely playing with bought toys, and mothers and nurses will look on the author of this work as a benefactor. The number of fascinating things that can be made with some cardboard, coloured paper,

scissors, and glue seems illimitable; and the method of making them is set forth in a bright, easy, and practical style.

Two attractive volumes have been added to the "Masters of Painting" series—"Rossetti," by Ford Madox Hueffer, and "Leonardo da Vinci," by Dr. George Gronau.



TORPEDOED AND SUNK BY A BRITISH SUBMARINE IN THE BALTIC: THE GERMAN CRUISER "UNDINE."

The "Undine" was torpedoed while escorting the German steam-ferry "Preussen" from Trelleborg, in Sweden, to the German port of Sassnitz, at 1.15 p.m. on November 7. She sank in three minutes, but 199 of the crew of 218 were able to take to rafts and were picked up by a German torpedo-boat. The "Undine" was a small cruiser of 2715 tons, carrying ten 4.1-inch guns, fourteen smaller guns, and two torpedo-tubes. It was hoped to save her, but she lies too deep.—(Photo. C.N.)

(Duckworth), each with thirty-two plates (examples of the master's work) excellently reproduced in photogravure. Mr. Hueffer's study of Rossetti is sympathetic, but discriminating, as a critical appreciation; full of fact and generous insight as a personal memoir. The essay on Leonardo has been translated from the German manuscript of Dr. Gronau. At the present time, it might have been thought that some English writer could have been found for such a work. Germany's Allies are not showing any particular reverence for works of Italian masters. The destroyed ceiling of Tiepolo at Venice might just as well have been "The Last Supper" by Leonardo at Milan. In the list of books about da Vinci at the end of the volume, nearly all the names are German. There is no mention of any English work—such, for instance, as that of Mr. Edward McCurdy.

In the wonderful expansion of the British Army since the war began, a great part has been played by the Officers' Training Corps, so that a record of its origin and history comes very appropriately just now, and should interest a large number of readers. "The O.T.C. and the Great War," by Captain Alan R. Haig-Brown (Offices of Country Life), provides such a record in a handsome volume, illustrated with portraits of the men who founded the corps, and photographs of various trophies and a review by the King at Windsor. Colonel Sir Edward Ward writes in his Introduction: "I confess that, when I was busy with the creation of the corps, I never contemplated that it would develop so splendidly as to give approximately 20,500 officers to the Army between the outbreak of war and the spring of 1915." Lists of universities and schools, of the individual members of the corps, and of those killed in action, are given in appendices.

Another very timely and well-illustrated volume of great interest concerning the war is "With the First Canadian Contingent" (Hodder and Stoughton, and the Musson Book Company), which has been published in aid of the funds of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission. Not only for this reason, but for its excellent and abundant photographs and reading matter, it should meet with a hearty welcome. Few events in the war on the Western front have so stirred the admiration of the Empire as the heroism of the Canadians at Ypres, and the public is here afforded an opportunity of testifying its gratitude.

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world. Christmas is coming, and I hope every motorist, and others who read this column, will send at least one shilling to him at 7, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C., so that the hardships of the men of the motor-transport section may be softened by the comforts this organisation sends them. How varied their wants are can be best judged from the items already despatched during the past twelve months: 500 vests, 16,000 towels, 16,000 ounces of tobacco, 18,000 packets of cigarettes, 44,000 bachelors' buttons (one can imagine these men, many of them married, in the shelter of bombarded villages, putting on their clip buttons to replace losses while waiting until the shell-fire lessens so that they may

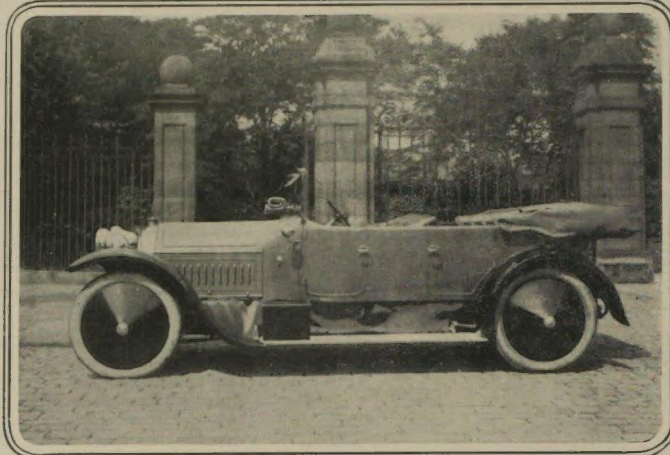
accustoming themselves to its restrictions beforehand. So let us motorists at home help to ease their lot by subscribing our mites in order to send the A.S.C. (M.T.) small tokens of our appreciation in the coming hard winter.

Fog Driving.

With winter come fogs and mists in this country to add to the dangers of driving in ill or dimly lit streets. A point to be remembered is that a diffused light is better in foggy weather than a strong one, for, while the latter is reflected back to the driver and adds to the difficulty of seeing, the former penetrates the haze. Headlights covered by pink paper give an excellent yet diffused light, with greater visibility to the



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and instituted, since the war, for that section of our Army who so long have been known as "nobody's children." The men of the Army Service Corps have no special association with towns or counties, and so there is a lack of organisations to look after this most important branch of the Service at the front. There are 60,000 units in the motor-traction service, of which some 30,000 men have little or no advantage in the matter of pay over any other branch of the Forces. My friend Mr. E. S. Shrapnell Smith is the Hon. Sec. and Treasurer of the Campaign Comforts Fund that looks after these "nobody's children," but who are in reality our children—the progeny of the motoring

get nearer to the columns they carry supplies to), 2800 driving gloves, 51,000 cakes of soap, 7000 rolls of cotton-wool, 9000 tooth-brushes, 33,000 packets of stationery, 23,000 pairs of socks, 2200 pairs of bootlaces, to say nothing of the boxes of dominoes, boxing-gloves, footballs, cricket-bats, and mouth-organs for the moments of recreation. So far, £6726 has been expended on 238,000 gifts for these civilian motorists now soldiers "doing their bit" in Belgium, in France, the Dardanelles, East Africa, Alexandria, Mudros, and the Balkans. Many of them have left comfortable homes, to be plunged straight into the hardships of campaigning without any chance of

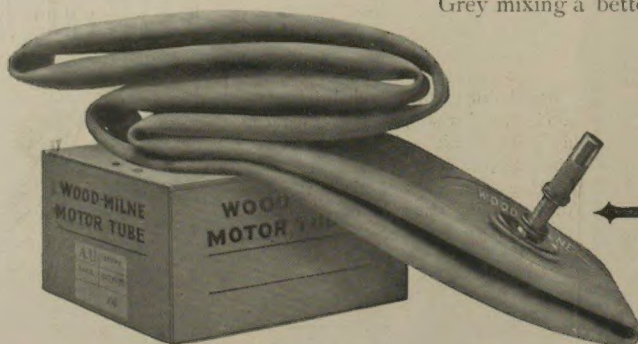
driver than a white or yellow luminant. Also, although a cut-out is forbidden by the authorities in the ordinary way, it is a safety device for heralding the approach of a motor vehicle in a fog. One cannot sound a horn continuously, and objects loom up so suddenly in front of one that it is sometimes almost too late, and often inexpedient, to sound the warning, for fear of frightening them into altering their course to the danger of themselves and the motorist. A continuous roar from the engine is the only safeguard under such circumstances, and I do not think a motorist runs much risk of prosecution for giving such indication of his presence on the highway in foggy weather. W. W.

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On the right we print in part our Chart of Automobile Recommendations. This Chart which represents our professional advice, is the motorist's standard guide to scientifically-correct lubrication.

If your car does not appear in the partial Chart on this page, we will gladly send you free on request a booklet entitled "Correct Lubrication," in which the Chart appears in full.

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Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor.
VACUUM OIL CO., LTD.
CAXTON HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

Telegrams: "Vacuum, Vic., London."
Telephone: Victoria 6620 (6 lines).

Correct Lubrication

Explanation:—In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," &c.

MODEL OF MAKE OF MOTOR CAR.	1914		1915	
	SPRINGER	WINTER	SPRINGER	WINTER
Albion	A	A	A	A
Alldays	A	A	A	A
Armstrong	BB	A	BB	A
Armstrong-Whitworth	BB	A	BB	A
Arrol-Johnston	BB	A	BB	A
Austin	BB	A	BB	A
Bedford-Buick	BB	A	BB	A
Belais	BB	A	BB	A
Bentley	BB	A	BB	A
Bianchi	BB	A	BB	A
B.S.A.	BB	A	BB	A
Buick	BB	A	BB	A
Cadillac	BB	A	BB	A
Calthorpe	BB	A	BB	A
Charron	BB	A	BB	A
Crossley	BB	A	BB	A
Daimler	BB	A	BB	A
Daimler	BB	A	BB	A
Delaney	BB	A	BB	A
Delaney-Bellefleur	BB	A	BB	A
Dion Bouton	BB	A	BB	A
Enfield	BB	A	BB	A
Excelsior	BB	A	BB	A
Fiat	BB	A	BB	A
Ford	BB	A	BB	A
Gregoire	BB	A	BB	A
Hillman	BB	A	BB	A
Hipano-Suiza	BB	A	BB	A
Humber	BB	A	BB	A
Hupmobile	BB	A	BB	A
King	BB	A	BB	A
King	BB	A	BB	A
Lanchester	BB	A	BB	A
Lorraine-Dietrich	BB	A	BB	A
Maxwell	BB	A	BB	A
Metallurgique	BB	A	BB	A
Mors	BB	A	BB	A
Napier	BB	A	BB	A
Oakland	BB	A	BB	A
Panhard	BB	A	BB	A
Peugeot	BB	A	BB	A
Phonix	BB	A	BB	A
Renault	BB	A	BB	A
Riley	BB	A	BB	A
Rochet-Schneider	BB	A	BB	A
Rolls-Royce	BB	A	BB	A
Rover	BB	A	BB	A
Satbrook, R.M.C.	BB	A	BB	A
Sheffield-Simplex	BB	A	BB	A
Siddeley-Deasy	BB	A	BB	A
Singer	BB	A	BB	A
Sizaire-Berwick	BB	A	BB	A
Standard (12 h.p.)	BB	A	BB	A
Star	BB	A	BB	A
Straker-Squire	BB	A	BB	A
Sundelaker	BB	A	BB	A
Swansea	BB	A	BB	A
Swift	BB	A	BB	A
Talbot	BB	A	BB	A
Vauxhall	BB	A	BB	A
Vinot	BB	A	BB	A
Volcan	BB	A	BB	A
Wolseley	BB	A	BB	A

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BURBERRY makes a staunch safeguard against low temperature and biting winds, preserving healthful warmth and enabling the most delicate constitution to withstand the rigours of wintry weather.

BURBERRY Weave and Proof impart to Burberry Materials the powers of excluding rain, sleet, snow and all forms of damp whilst maintaining perfect self-ventilation.

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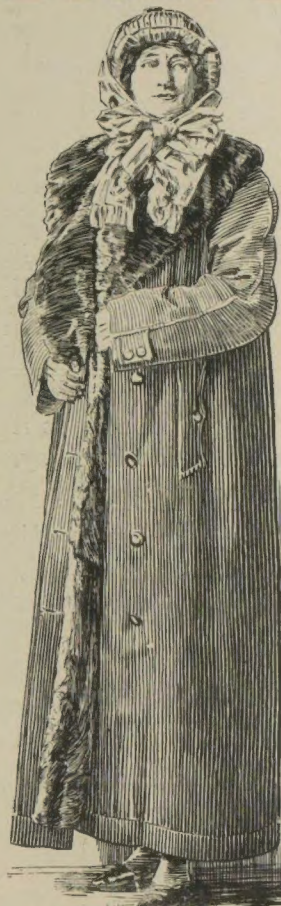
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BURBERRY FUR-LINED COAT made from Burberry-proof materials lined choice furs. Gives luxurious warmth without excessive weight.

When sending a Xmas Present to your Soldier friend

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WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

It will be immensely appreciated, for the need for soap at the Front is constantly being emphasised.

Box of 3 Tablets,

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WRIGHT'S Coal Tar SHAVING SOAP

The Ideal Shaving Soap for Soldiers.

Protects the skin from every form of "rash," and gives a persistent cream, but not slimy, lather. 9d. each.



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If ever there was a tread that could be called "Martial" it is the tread of the "Clincher Cross"—It fights skidding and wins—it endures the rigours of the severest weathers, and the most adverse road-conditions—and comes up smiling. It is the "Handyman" of tyres—always ready for anything—and always in good condition.

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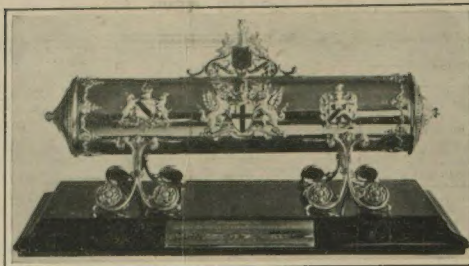
THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO. LTD.,
169, Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.

Factories: Castle Mills, EDINBURGH

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BAZAAR and variety festival will be held, under Mr. de Lara's direction, at Claridge's Hotel on Nov. 23 and 24, in aid of the War Emergency Entertainments, the relief of war-stricken artists, the "Great Britain to Poland" fund, and the fund for giving free concerts to the wounded in London hospitals. Among the stall-holders are the Princess of Monaco, Lady Colebrooke, Princess Hatzfeldt, the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Diana Manners, the Marchioness of Anglesey, the Marchioness of Headfort, Viscountess Curzon, the Countess of Lytton, the Countess of Limerick, Lady Cunard and Miss Nancy Cunard, Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Greville, Lady de Trafford and Miss Violet de Trafford, Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Gwendolen Churchill and Mrs. Winston Churchill, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Grosvenor, the Hon. Joan Poynder, Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. St. George and Miss Gardenia St. George, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Cecil Higgins, Mrs. Gilliat, Mrs. McCreery, Mrs. John Astor, Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. Oswald Crawford, Mrs. Rawlinson, Mrs. Selfridge, Mrs. Goldberg, Mrs. Walter Jones, and Miss Ethel Levey. Paintings have been given by Mr. John Sargent and Mr. William Orpen. M. Mestrovich has offered a bronze sculpture, and Mrs. Walter Farwell a Court train of duchess lace valued at 200 guineas.

Our gallant lads in the trenches and at sea will be much in our thoughts during the bitter days of winter, and we



AN ARTISTIC CASKET FOR AN ADDRESS: A PRESENTATION TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

The casket, which is of solid silver, takes the form of a cylinder, with the opening at one end to contain the address. The arms of the Lord Mayor are shown on the top, and below are the arms of the City of London. At each side are the arms of the Haberdashers and the Cordwainers' Company. The inscription is: "Presented to the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Colonel and Alderman Sir Charles Cheers Wakefield, Kt., by the inhabitants of the Ward of Bread Street as a mark of their high esteem and regard." It was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., of 112, Regent Street.

must do what we can to make the hardships of campaigning less rigorous for them. Nothing is better than a good hot drink to drive out the cold, but it is often unobtainable, and this is when the Thermos flask proves itself invaluable, and suggests itself as an ideal practical present. No more welcome gift could be sent than a Thermos flask, in which can be carried a hot and comforting drink. The liquid in a Thermos flask is quite unaffected by outside temperature. Boiling-hot tea will keep hot in a Thermos flask for twenty-four hours. Moreover, Thermos flasks are quite inexpensive, and can be obtained from all jewellers, chemists, ironmongers, and stores.

Never was an antidote to that "run-down" feeling and nervous debility from which so many suffer, of more value than it is to-day, for these anxious times are responsible for lowered vitality and nervous strain. The substance of the cells and tissues of the nerves and brain is being used up more rapidly than usual, and a larger amount of restorative material needs to be absorbed into the system, and this surplus restorative material must be taken in a special form. Ovaltine, which quite admirably meets the case, contains no drugs or chemicals, and is simply food—but food containing these restorative elements in a highly concentrated form. It is prepared as a delicious cocoa-flavoured beverage which is most easily assimilated. For sleeplessness, Ovaltine is specially recommended.

A Woman's Beauty is a Woman's pride and joy.

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